

INTER NOS

Vol. III

September, 1951

No. 3

CONTENTS

Editorial.....	SISTER M. DOLOROSA
An Ocean Between	ANNE WONG
Come Up a Little Higher, Friend	MARY WALSH
Patristics	
I, St. Ambrose	GERALDINE BIGGS
II, St. Augustine	MOTHER MARIE MAGDALEEN
Abe Kaufman, Rancher.....	SISTER MARY JEAN
Nukahiva	SISTER MARY JEAN
The Cerro Rico de Potosi	LEA O'DONNELL
Preface	SISTER PATRICIA MARGARET
Name, Please?	ANONYMOUS
Alumnae Echoes	

J. M. J.

Editorial

September 1951 marks the twenty-sixth anniversary of the opening of Mount St. Mary's and its twenty-first September on the Mount. The college has grown from its original combination of class rooms and residence hall to five buildings with Mary Chapel in their midst. The large waiting list of resident students is only one indication of the pressing need for additional facilities.

Our single, asphalted tennis and basket ball courts have multiplied, with a splendid swimming pool, as the physical education center. Our Mount denuded of much of its native flora, by ruthless bull-dozers which left us a shale strewn campus, has developed into a vivid flower garden, with trees and vines spreading their luxuriant verdancy every where.

Three busses and a station wagon have succeeded our original twenty-five passenger bus, which, for day students who had not cars, offered transportation facilities.

A spirit of loyal interest and cooperation has been welded in the hearts of our present students, of our alumnae, and of our faithful Mothers' Guild. For all these blessings we give thanks to God, His Mother, patroness of the Mount, and to His Foster Father, patron of the Sisters of St. Joseph.

With our Next number INTER NOS will be completing its third year of existence as a Quarterly periodical. It asks cooperation in the form of contributions from faculty members, alumnae, and students alike. Do not hesitate to send in articles; do not use the alibi, "I am not in 'Creative Writing.'" INTER NOS may serve to disclose your latent talents, which else may perish, atrophied.

A blessed and happy Scholastic Year to you all!

SISTER DOLOROSA

An Ocean Between

By Anne Wong

Under the June California sunshine, in the presence of dignitaries, families, and friends, I shall soon know the significance of a college graduation. The B. S. that is to follow my name will mean the culmination of four years transplanted from a peaceful Pacific island to a hilltop overlooking a vast city where the boundaries reach far beyond the focus of an eye.

I have already begun to recall memories of my home in Hawaii, for it is there I must return when my college education has been completed.

The Hawaii I know is the world of my childhood and of my youth—a land where one is born a Hawaiian and yet is not a native. Its people are genuinely American, governed by democratic precepts, and yet its culture, habits, and mode of life stem from ancient China and Japan, Portugal, the Philippines, and stately England.

My father landed on Oahu from the Orient at the age of fifteen. My mother was born on the island. I grew up in an atmosphere influenced by oriental culture, yet flavored with an appreciation of the many other cultures around me. My parents taught me their traditions concerning family life—I paid reverence to my grandmother, honored by father and mother, and respected my older brothers and sisters.

There were different-sounding names among my playmates—DeMello, Minami, Wong, Marks, Andrade, Candia, and Waters. Some had slant eyes, black hair and pug noses; others had fair skins, green eyes, and curly hair. Our similarity lay only in the general use of a curious admixture of words and phrases of many languages which was known as "Pidgin English." Auxiliary verbs were invariably lost, definite articles disregarded, inflections wrongly emphasized, and questions asked in statements in a child's haste to know, "We going show today?"

Rice was our main food at home, but mashed potatoes, poi, kimchee, chorizes, fruit salads, and thick, well-done steaks appeared just as often on our dinner table. Easter Sunday brought gifts of hot freshly-baked Portuguese sweet bread from the neighbors, and whenever sushi was made next door, we were always certain to share a part of the tasty Japanese rice balls. A party was an occasion for festivity, and I found myself equally happy eating kalua pig at a luau, birds nest soup at a nine-course dinner, or ice cream and cake at a birthday celebration.

There are Buddhist temples in Honolulu, where each year I stared curiously at the reverent-faced women bowing in adoration

before their idols. Some of these women were thought to possess a special power of healing, and I remember one who came to my bedside after I had nearly recovered from an illness and suddenly had fallen into a relapse. She sprinkled water about the room and then on me, in order to clean out the evil spirits. Perhaps she should have cast her sorcery upon the green mango I had unwittingly eaten that day!

My mother made yearly visits to the Buddhist temple, and yet I was sent to a Catholic parochial school. With thoughts of St. Anthony's come a picture of a Maryknoll nun in steel-gray habit, trim, pointed black veil, snugly fitting collar, and cape thrown across the shoulder on one side. Hers was a young face with friendly Irish eyes; I put my hand bashfully but easily into hers.

One year after I began school, a new law was established concerning the age limit of school children. I was then too young for the first grade, and yet I had graduated with academic ceremony from kindergarten, the year before. It was a bewildered five-year-old that watched her friends file into the big building as she turned and trudged slowly back to the kindergarten cottage.

Nine years followed at St. Anthony's with no more retarding. I learned to read, write, and pray; I learned American history, Hawaiian history, and world history with only the normal amount of scholastic confusion. From the spirit of Maryknoll there was imparted to me a new friendliness for the missionaries, an admiration of their lives spent in strange surroundings, and even a love for the Irish, as was evident in our green and white uniforms and the paper shamrocks worn each year on St. Patrick's Day.

My high school years were spent at Sacred Heart Academy, wearing the familiar blue serge pleated skirt, white middie blouse, and sailor tie. The traditional May procession, the living rosary, the symbolic virtues of Faith, Hope, and Charity, the resplendent Corpus Christi procession, and the replica grotto of Lourdes transformed the one block area of the academy into a miniature Europe where the traditions of old France were relived and reenacted under Hawaiian skies.

We paid tribute to Ma Mere on her feast day, as a tanned, black-haired first-grader placed a flower lei around her neck, curtsied and recited distinctly, "Une Heureuse Fete, Ma Mere."

Celebrations were many on the island, for we shared each others customs. "May Day is Lei Day in Hawaii," and each year this was a special occasion to wear the floral wreaths. My mother favored us with a uniquely prepared dinner of delicacies on Chinese New Years, and my father helped us burn hundreds of firecrackers during the day. On the Fourth of July, we often joined the crowd that gathered at the beach to watch the glittering display of fireworks, sponsored annually by the city.

I stood at attention whenever I sang "Hawaii Ponoi," and I was proud of my ancestry whenever I heard "Chi Lai." "The Star Spangled Banner" made me grateful that I was truly a Chinese-Hawaiian-American. Perhaps I could also have included Irish and French!

Hawaiian nights are meant for picnicking. The sand is soft and cool beneath your feet as you walk along the beach, and there is always a warm breeze that carries the smell of the ocean. The ruthless waves of the sea break as they crash against the reef, and then swish peacefully into shore. The moon slides out from behind the clouds to point out the flash of a falling star, and suddenly you feel the joy of being alive. It's on nights such as these, over hot, glowing charcoals, that wieners taste best and roasted marshmallows are most delicious.

In the summertime, mountain trails and valley streams lead hikers deep into green tropical forests, where primitive swimming pools are formed by the rocks of nature and filled by the steep plunge of the waterfalls. There the crisp, red mountain apples tantalize their pickers from thin, high trees along the streams, and small yellow rose apples hide behind leaves that hang far out of reach.

I left my home one evening to come to the United States. There were many good-byes, thank yous, and I'll-be-sure-to-write promises. It seemed as though the whole airport was filled with just my friends, strumming ukelelis and wearing bright flower leis. They serenaded me with "Aloha Oe," and all of a sudden I didn't want to leave.

The airplane that had been warming up suddenly roared, the loudspeaker blared out "all aboard," and the time had come. Three months past eighteen years old, inexperienced and suddenly afraid, I was about to begin a new adventure 2400 miles away. The fragrant odor of carnations and ginger and gardenias stifled me, and my stomach ached strangely.

The world of my childhood and of my youth passed by as I boarded the huge four-engined Los Angeles-bound *Constellation*.

Ten hours later, the plane circled high above an immense area of land, where tiny objects stretched out as far as the eye could reach. Seat belts were fastened, and slowly and steadily, we lost altitude as buildings and houses came into focus. The airfield lay just below us, and soon the big engine dropped its wheels and glided smoothly down the runway, coming to an easy stop in front of the airlines building.

A sudden disappointment came over me as I stepped off the plane, for a sallow haze covered the sky, and in the faint sunlight, I squinted and my eyes began to water. This was the city of the Angels!

In a matter of hours, my perspective had expanded many times,

and for seventeen miles, I asked repeatedly, "Isn't this the town yet?" There were big six-lane highways, and I was accustomed to only four. In Honolulu, only a few buildings reached up to seven floors. The buildings I saw now were many times larger, and included fourteen floors. Automobiles whizzed by nonchalantly at fifty miles an hour, and I had boasted about my fast twenty-five miles an hour.

I looked curiously at the street-car tracks, thinking, "My, what a backward city," for all the tracks in Honolulu had been removed many years before. My concern was for the people standing casually in the middle of the street, and I wanted to tell them, "You'd better get out of the way or you'll get hit." Later I found out they were waiting for street cars and trolleys.

That afternoon my head whirled as I tried to window-shop leisurely along Broadway St., but found my efforts in vain as the unassuming city crowd pushed me mercilessly in its pace. It was too much, too stimulating, and in a day I was worn out!

The next week, I set out to discover life in a boarding school. The road leading to the college was steep, winding uphill and flexing right and left until one last abrupt grade brought in full view a lofty white tower modeled in graceful Spanish Renaissance architecture. It almost seemed like home, for there the sky was blue, and the sun on my back made me warm and complacent. The Pacific Ocean looked peaceful and endless in the distance, and the outline of an island in the far-off waters brought a refreshing nostalgia for the home I had left.

This hilltop called "The Mount" has been the center of my four college years; here my life has been molded culturally, educationally, socially, and spiritually.

I have shared in a true brotherhood of man, for my associations include not only the cultures of the United States but also of Hungary, Japan, China, India, Ireland, South America, and Nigeria. I know also the meaning of Mexican and Negro, Italian and Jew.

The friends I have found are true friends. Their homes have been mine; their joys have been my happiness, and their sorrows my sadness. There is a certain warmth when they shout a cheery "Hi Bimbo," and even "Hey Dummkopf" belies its intended esteem.

A new tranquillity of heart has come to me within my college years, for I have realized the meaning of faith and become a part of that Faith which before was only a matter of curriculum to me. I know the joy of participating actively in the Holy Sacrifice, and for this I offer my daily thanks.

The six buildings of the Mount are only few, yet each holds its wealth of significance. There is the residence hall, my home of four floors and seventy-five rooms, where the sound of gaiety and laughter

and youth is always present. The silence of the library provides many hours of enjoyment among the long, neat stacks which hold new and exiting adventures into the worlds of literature, science, music and art.

I have spent many hours in the quiet of Mary Chapel, where from its high tower carillon bells chime the Angelus each day. Even the Sisters' convent is familiar to me, for it was only four years ago that I wandered unknowingly into the sacred cloister.

My profession will take me again into the laboratory, but it will not hold the memories that have come with the first thrill of seeing life under a microscope, of distinguishing multicolored cells from one's own blood, and of watching the entrance of new life in the hatching of an incubated egg.

There is refreshment in the peaceful solitude of nights. Only the deep hooting of the owl in the chapel tower and the distant howl of a coyote tell of activity on the mountainside. Sometimes the wind blows with an eerie wail, and at other times it cradles the soft branches of the tall eucalyptus trees.

In the morning I awake with the whistling of the birds, and when the early sunlight streams through my window, there is no time to remain in bed. Soon the bulldozers begin to roar on the opposite hill, and another day has begun.

Now that my college days are nearly ended, I stop to consider the things I have enjoyed that will no longer be part of my life when I leave Los Angeles. It will be strange not to be able to see a great opera when my earnest ambition is to hear the Metropolitan, which performances I have missed two years in succession. I will miss the excitement of seeing a ballet on opening night, as when the Sadlers Welles left me breathless at the spectacle of beauty in synchronization; and I will miss hearing a great orchestra when many of my Friday afternoons have been spent at the Philharmonic. Stage plays and musicals have given me a love for the theater, and I will recall the suspense of "The Innocents" and the happy melodies of "South Pacific" and "Brigadoon."

I have enjoyed many hours wandering through the great County Museum, and marveled at the exotic beauty of roses in bloom in Exposition Park. The giant telescope of the Griffith Park Observatory has brought me close to the moon and stars that I knew only from a far-away mountain top or a distant seashore.

I remember the vacation trips—south to San Diego along the scenic California Coast Highway 101, and north to San Francisco through the precipitous Ridge Route and vast stretches of lonely farmlands. And I thrill again with the recollection of Arizona and the Grand Canyon—of a dream of travel realized in a first visit out of state. All the discomfort of nine hours of continuous travel

vashed, and it seemed as though a new world lay before me when I crossed the intangible boundary line from California into Arizona.

I often wonder what it will be like when I am home again to stay. I have grown accustomed to many things that are too vivid to forget and too deeply-rooted to be uprooted. Four years are only few, and yet they have meant the formation of new ideas and ideals, likes and dislikes. They have produced a maturity more cosmopolitan, and a heart tempered by the activity of a continent that is immense and fiery and inviting.

In a few months I shall return to the leisurely world of my childhood and of my youth. I shall take with me the memories of a second world transplanted an ocean between, and indeed, it will be a third world that I shall be living in.

"Come up a Little Higher, Friend"

By Mary Walsh

It was late Saturday afternoon and the shadows of evening were beginning to form, as Joe sat down to rest for a few minutes. It would soon be time to climb the winding stairs to ring the Angelus. Today Joe's back ached a little more than usual. Why couldn't he do as much, and work as hard as he had when he became janitor at St. Francis' more than twenty years ago?

The beautiful Church of St. Francis was located in the best section of the city—best in the sense that it was a neighborhood of wealthy homes. The church, with its majestic spires and imported furnishings, was by far the most elaborate in town, since it had been built by the generosity of its well-to-do parishioners.

Joe, a short heavy-set Negro, was known as Jackson back in his Baptist days. But when Father Anthony baptized him, he took Joseph for his Christian name.

As Joe watched the people, who had been to confession, leave the church, and saw their liveried chauffeurs helping them into their limousines, he thought how wonderful it must be to have money like they did, and be able to do so much good with it. There was Mr. Richards who had just given \$5000 to enlarge St. Anthony's shrine. And generous Mrs. Withers, a widow for fifteen years, who was paying for the new gym for the school. When Mr. Potter's will was read last week, it was learned he had left \$10,000 to the church.

No, Joe wasn't envious of their riches. He didn't care if he had a dime in his pocket. It just seemed he didn't do anything for God

like other people did. He was content if he had enough to eat each day and a place to sleep. These he had never been without since that day many years ago, when Providence had taken him to the rectory at St. Francis'. For months he had been unable to find work. Maybe the priests would give him a cup of coffee. Yes, he knew he was on the wrong side of the river, but he was desperate.

Light-hearted Father Anthony had greeted him at the door, and before he left the rectory, Joe had been introduced to St. Francis of Assisi. That began Joe's conversion. Every day he came to work at the church and Father would spend a little time each afternoon telling him about how wonderful it was to be poor for the love of God. Joe couldn't read or write, but he never tired listening to the monk's accounts of the poor little man of Assisi. At first it was hard to believe someone really cared enough to explain all these things to him. And to think someone could love to be poor! For the first time in his life Joe's heart was beginning to be at peace.

The siren of a passing fire truck roused him from his reminiscing. As Joe started toward the church, he received a scornful look from a new comer in the parish, a Mr. Horton, who stood and stared at Joe as he entered the church. Joe didn't mind being stared at. He was used to that. Many times people had made remarks to him about being on the wrong side of town. Oh yes, they were good Catholics who made remarks and did the staring. But sometimes good Catholics forgot that Christ died for the Negro too.

Having rung the Angelus, Joe slowly made his way down the stairs. As usual he stopped in for a few words with Our Lord before he started home. As he knelt there, in the dim light, he suddenly felt tired and old. He sort of dreaded the long walk home.

"Thank you, Lord, for helping me today. I did my best to clean your house well, and I hope you are pleased. Good-by until tomorrow."

As he stepped into the patio, Joe heard Father Anthony call to him, "Joe, I don't know when I've seen the garden as beautiful. You've outdone yourself this year. Our Lady will certainly be pleased with those roses. They'll be blooming just in time for the May processions."

In his simple way Joe explained how he pretended the church and grounds were the home of the Holy Family at Bethlehem and that he tried to keep things like They would want them.

"Goodnight, Father," he said as he started off. It was over four miles through town and across the river to Joe's little shack. Throwing off his weariness, he walked along enjoying the sunset, as the pink and the orange clouds faded into the deeper hues of night. The cool evening breeze felt especially good. Joe hummed softly to himself, and he felt at peace with the world.

In the stillness of that night while Joe was sleeping, the Angel of Death came to conduct him to judgment.

Oh, what grandeur and beauty as he passed the Gates of Heaven. In all his life Joe never imagined anything as wonderful. The judgment over, Joe was told he had merited Heaven and to find the place prepared for him. Such happiness filled his heart that he thought to himself, the lowest place here is too good for me. And as he headed in that direction, he heard a clear voice saying:

"Come up a little higher, friend."

As he followed his Guide, Joe noticed that he was passing up many souls. In fact he had just passed Mr. Potter. There must be some mistake. At last he said: "Pardon me, Lord, but isn't there some mistake. I didn't do anything big in my life to deserve to be higher than these people."

And the answer came: "Joe, it isn't the big things that deserve Heaven. Because you did all the little things well and for me, and because you had no hatred for those who mistreated you, yours is a greater reward."

At last Joe knew the full meaning of Father Anthony's story of St. Francis. Such happiness! He settled himself in the place he would occupy for all eternity, while the beautiful words re-echoed in his heart:

"Come up a little higher, friend."

Patristics

I. ST. AMBROSE

By Geraldine Biggs

They say that the church laity of the United States is beginning to awaken at long last. We do not know how true this is in every church of our archdiocese of Los Angeles, but we do know that in some parishes a definite awakening is evident. What do we mean by the term "awakening?" It simply means that certain persons are no longer content to sit back in church and watch the rest of the parish go ahead with the ceremonies—answering the priest, singing the High Mass, or just following Mass with a missal.

But this is not entirely a new event in the life of the church. During the centuries certain holy men have fought for the active participation of the laity in all the functions of Holy Mother the

Church. Among these men was one Ambrose of Treves born around the year 335.

It is said that when Ambrose was yet an infant, some bees settled in his mouth as if to gather honey there—a sign of his future great eloquence. This must not be taken seriously. It is a legend of Plato and others.

When, in 374 Auxentius, bishop of Milan, died, Ambrose, then governor, was providentially chosen to succeed him as bishop. Some say it was through the voice of a child that this unexpected honor came to him, who was yet only a catachumen in the Church of God; but in any case it is clear that only a man specially gifted from Above could possibly have fulfilled the post so well. Yet we know that Ambrose tried in every way to avoid such a heavy responsibility for which he was totally unprepared. He even protested to such a degree that he tried to ruin his own reputation. For example, we learn that he hired a woman of ill repute to enter his house in full view of the townspeople! But the people, knowing him for the honest and upright man he was, refused to be swayed from their opinion of him, as a worthy successor to the bishopric of Milan. And so, after seven or eight days of preparation, Ambrose was baptized and ordained. Then, after a further period of instruction, he was consecrated bishop.

From the first moment of his great appointment, Ambrose was confronted with heretical doctrines. He therefore placed all his trust in a complete mastery of the scriptures. These he knew would be the main source of the truth contained in his famous orations against heresy. He quoted from the Bible profusely in a desire to impress upon his followers the beauty and truth of the life it envisioned. His reliance on the scriptures afforded him much solace, no doubt, when he found it necessary to refute some heretical belief. For example, we see in his works a constant reference to certain scriptural passages which identify the soul of man as like to God. Most probably he was trying in this way to wipe out the Manichean heresy which taught its misguided believers that man was essentially evil.

The bulk of Ambrose's teaching was oratorical, not written. As were the other great Latin fathers, he was primarily a preacher. We have various accounts of his splendid technique as a speaker. St. Augustine himself even went to Milan to hear the great bishop, (probably intending to compare him with Faustus), and came away most impressed. The seeds of doubt were already sown in Augustine and he had ceased to be a Manichee. After hearing Ambrose a few times he knew he had to change his way of life, and his beliefs.

Ambrose showed also a fearless zeal when he braved the anger of the Empress Justina, by resisting her attempt to give one of the churches of Milan to the Arians. Again his steadfast adherence to

the laws of the Church was manifested when he rebuked and led to penance the great Emperor Theodosius who had, in a moment of anger, cruelly punished an uprising of the inhabitants of Thessalonica.

As a priest of God he was full of sympathy and charity, gentle and kind-hearted, yet inflexible in matters of principle. His great character is easily seen when we read of his comforting friendship with St. Monica whose sorrows he consoled. And then in 387 he had the great joy of finally admitting into the fold her son, St. Augustine, whose conversion one author has said, "was worth that of entire kingdoms."

Aside from his work of preaching and counseling against the heretics St. Ambrose, when still a young man of about thirty-five years, had to fulfill the duties of a pastor. His flock was constantly being attacked by advocates of heretical theories, and, as a pastor, he ran into more than an average number of stumbling blocks. He realized that in order to keep his sheep from wandering he must make their part in their religion more attractive and more vital. He was not one who would only preach the laws of Holy Church and consider his pastoral obligations fulfilled; he believed in a strong, active lay participation in the liturgy—the practical parts of the Mass. And here we come to the whole point toward which we have been tending since the beginning of this paper.

In his attitude towards *lay participation* in the Mass, St. Ambrose held the answer to many of our present day problems. His approach to the problem of the layman's passiveness at Church was perfectly practical. He was one of the first fathers of the Church to overrule the tendency of his time to regard to the singing of hymns in Church as a hangover from pagan times and practices. He even wrote verses for every great feast of the year, set them to music, and organized his diocese of Milan in such a way that congregational singing was the order of the day. We have stories telling how the saintly bishop strode up and down the aisle of the Church, beating time and singing his hymns in a loud, clear voice, in order to teach his parishioners the correct way to assist at Mass. The popularity of these hymns was probably due to the fact that he avoided all strictly classical poetic forms, choosing a metre and language which *ordinary* people could understand and memorize easily. Yet in neither music nor text did Ambrose descend to the commonplace. The same may be said of all forms of pure chant. It is a song of the people at Mass—not a composition for the great artists of the concert stage. It is a song written for any and every voice, be it of man, woman, or child. That is the beauty of the chant, and St. Ambrose knew probably more than we moderns ever could how that beauty brings life to the parish church, whether the chant be Ambrosian or Gregorian.

In 397, during the night of Saturday in holy week, Ambrose died,

full of years and of honors, and is now revered by the Church as one of her greatest doctors.

"Behold a great priest, who in his days pleased God. There was not found the like to him, who kept the law of the most High."

GRADUAL FROM THE MASS OF ST. AMBROSE.

BRENNAN, Msgr. Robert E.; *Pange Lingua*, Reflections on the Liturgy; The Tidings Press; Los Angeles; 1945.

LEFEBVRE, Dom Gaspar O.S.B.; *St. Andrew Daily Missal*; Abbey of St. André, Belgium; 1937.

Lives of the Saints —

MANNIX, Sr. Mary Dolorosa, M.A.; *Sancti Ambrosii Oratio De Obitu Theodosii*; Washington, D. C.; 1925.

II. SAINT AUGUSTINE

By Mother Marie Magdaleen

Little did Monica suspect, on that November morning of the year 354, that her first born child, whom she beheld with motherly pride, was to be the son of deep sorrow and many tears. Even less perhaps did she dream of her Augustine as the man whose name would stand out as the greatest of the Fathers of the Latin Church, whose philosophical thought was to dominate the Western world for eight centuries, and whose genius, both as a philosopher and as a theologian, would be admired throughout the world, until the end of time. Locked in the helplessness of infancy, were the God-given potentialities of a personality which might be compared to a many-faceted jewel, each individual facet of which reflects rays of extraordinary brilliance.

Augustine's interest in philosophy was awakened through the reading of Cicero's *Hortensius*. In it the author pointed out the superior value of the things of the mind over those of the body. Until then, the nineteen year old rhetorician had been interested chiefly in question of form and of elegance in speech, but with the reading of *Hortensius*, his mind was turned to the quest of truth, and it was this search for truth that marked the first step along the road which would finally bring him to the ultimate source of truth: God. Before reaching that end, however, Augustine walked many paths, which only drew him further away from that which he so earnestly sought.

The teaching of the Manicheans seemed to offer a rational presen-

tation of truth, in distinction from the doctrines of Christianity, which appeared to Augustine in many points illogical, and even barbaric. His mind was unable to explain the contradiction of a good God, Creator of the whole world on the one hand, and the existence of evil and suffering on the other. Moreover, he could not conceive how there could be an immaterial reality, imperceptible to the senses. The Manichaeans seemed to solve this problem in advocating a totally materialistic system, and in maintaining a dualistic theory, according to which there are two ultimate principles, a good principle, that of light, and a bad principle, that of darkness. These were two coeternal causes, always fighting each other for supremacy. The good things in the universe were the work of the principle of light, while all bad things resulted from the action of the principles of darkness. This explained the life long strife in man, since the soul was composed of light and the body was the work of the evil principle. This system together with materialism appealed to Augustine, and instead of seeking philosophic wisdom in the writing of the Greek and Latin philosophers, he hopefully turned to the teaching of Manichaeism. Conscious of his own passions and sensual desires, to which his will yielded time after time, he felt that he could now attribute them to an evil cause outside himself. Thus the Manichaean theories detached Augustine both morally and intellectually from the faith and rules of conduct of Christianity, which his holy mother had so earnestly impressed upon him in his childhood.

Soon Augustine found out that the new religion which he had embraced did not satisfy him. He was troubled with difficulties which the Manichaeans could not answer, and when Faustus, a noted Manichaean Bishop, could not give him the intellectual satisfaction he sought, he was sorely disappointed, and his faith in Manichaeism was shaken. In his despair he turned to the skepticism of the New Academy. This system held that no-one could know anything with absolute certitude. This attitude recommended itself to Augustine, now that his belief in the Manichaean doctrines was destroyed. For practical reasons he remained a Manichaean nominally, and still adhered to the materialistic theory, but he followed the Academics in their suspense of judgment, and their refusal to assent to anything as absolutely true. Probably this period of skepticism did not last very long, since in the *Confessions* Augustine's references to it are very brief, he simply mentions the fact that he was attracted by skepticism for a time.

It was then that he became acquainted with certain Latin translations of Platonic works, probably some of the *Enneads* of Plotinus. In these Augustine met a radically different type of philosophy, totally opposed to the Manichaean materialism. Following Plato, Plotinus made a distinction between the world known to the senses, and the other which is known to the intellect. He held that the intelligible world was the better and the more real. For him the prin-

ciple object of knowledge was his own mind and the things which it contained. He tried also, to go above his own soul and find the One Great Reality upon which his mind depended for truth. Thus Neo-Platonism showed the way to God through the soul. This philosophy had a deep influence upon Augustine. In his *Confessions*, he acknowledges in regard to this: "Having read these books of the Platonists, and been advised therein to seek for incorporeal truth, I came to see intellectually Thy invisible things, through these things which are made." The reading of the Platonic works was an instrument in the intellectual conversion of Augustine, while his moral conversion was prepared by the sermons of Ambrose, which he attended first from mere curiosity and then from love of Ambrose's gift of oratory. He became interested in the Scriptures, the spiritual meaning of which he began to grasp, and he saw that there might be something good in Catholicism. With the aid of Neo-Platonism he also found a solution to the problem of evil. Plotinus simply suggested that evil was not a substance, but a non-being, a lack of absolute goodness, necessarily present in an imperfect world. In the New Testament Augustine found the same spiritual wisdom as in Plotinus, but in a greater degree. He came to understand that it is not enough to know truth in order to be wise, but that one has to live in conformity with that truth. That was a hard struggle for the passionate Augustine, but he was not used to doing things by halves, and under the impulse of grace, he gave a real assent to the words of Saint Paul, and was converted to Catholicism in the summer of 386.

After this intellectual conversion followed a period of retirement and preparation for his baptism. A period also of philosophical discussion and writing. It is remarkable, how almost all of Augustine's works, and they are ninety-three in number, date from the time after his conversion. Then his mind, finally illumined by the light of unchangeable truth, was ready to give to the world those treasures of thought which would serve as a guide of conduct, and as a shield against error in the centuries to come. "*Contra Academicos*," "*De Beata Vita*," "*De Ordine*," and the "*Soliloquia*" date from this period at Cassiciacum. Returning to Milan, Augustine wrote "*De Immortalitate Animae*." It is quite natural that in these works, Augustine manifested his affectionate attachment to Neo-Platonism, since it played such an important role in his conversion. Although Platonism permeates all of Augustine's early works, it must be noted that he does not make it a criterion to which Christian revelation is made to conform, but on the contrary, Christian revelation is made the criterion for Neo-Platonism. In book III, chapter 20 of his *Confessions*, Saint Augustine says: A two fold force impels us toward knowledge—the force of authority and the force of reason. In regard to Faith I am resolved never to deviate from the authority of Christ, for I find none more powerful. Meanwhile I am confident that I shall find among the Platonists what is not in opposi-

tion to our Sacred Scriptures." Augustine was no exception in his predilection for Platonism: Plato was the favorite philosopher of almost all Christian thinkers of his day. Moreover, Augustine rejected the Platonic practice of pagan and polytheistic worship, the belief in the pre-existence of souls, the theory of metempsychosis and the theory that the body is the prison for the punishment of the soul. He says that he first wrote "*Contra Academicos*," "for their arguments used to disquiet me." In his Retractions, he admits: "I was displeased by the praise with which I extolled Plato and Platonic or Academic philosophy, far more than was fitting for irreligious men, for it is against their gross errors that Christian teaching must be especially defended.

After his baptism Augustine wrote many treatises in defense of Christianity against the errors of the Donatists, the Manichaeans and the Pelagians. Important works of this period are: *Contra Adimantum Manichaeum*, *De Trinitate*, *Contra Cresconium grammaticum partis Donati*, *De Civitate Dei*, and many others. In all of these works Saint Augustine does not play two parts, the part of the theologian and the part of philosopher who considers only the natural man, but he thought of man as the fallen and redeemed creature, who is able to attain truth, but who constantly needs God's grace in order to appropriate the truth that saves. Augustine wholly centers his idea of wisdom on the wisdom "par excellence"—infused wisdom. In philosophy one should begin with faith, says Saint Augustine. "If you cannot understand, believe in order that you may understand." "The natural order is that authority should precede reason when we wish to learn anything."

Although Augustine never sat down to develop an organized system of philosophy, as Saint Thomas did, we can nevertheless gather from his works an idea of his teachings on various topics which are the subjects of philosophical discussion.

Saint Augustine holds that we gain knowledge of truths which are necessary, immutable and eternal, not from sense-experience, nor from our own minds, but that we are able to perceive such truths under the action of the Being who alone is necessary, changeless and eternal, God. Knowledge of God lends an illumination to the mind which makes it understand the creatures of God which our senses make known to us, since God contains in Himself the eternal models and patterns of all created things. He says that knowledge is an essential part of wisdom and therefore also of happiness. Against the skeptics Saint Augustine asserts that we can acquire certitude about certain things, he insists that the senses are reliable, and that neither knowledge that we get from the senses, nor that which we acquire through reason should be doubted. He shows the absurdity of skepticism in saying that everyone who recognizes that he is doubting, recognizes a truth which holds for certain, and this contradicts his own skeptical attitude.

The existence of God is proven by Augustine from the fact that the world is not in itself a reason for its existence, consequently there must be a necessary immutable cause. He also speaks about the attributes of God, proving that God is one, all-perfect, infinite, eternal, simple. It is His infinite goodness, and not necessity that moved God to create the world.

Concerning the human soul, he says that it is an immaterial principle, a substance in its own right, and not an emanation of the divine substance. The immateriality and substantiality of the soul, also assures its immortality. Moreover, the soul apprehends indestructible truth, therefore it must itself be indestructible. The desire for perfect happiness, realizable only when loss of the perfect good is excluded, is another proof for the immortality of the soul. As to its origin, Augustine was never sure. He clearly held that the soul is created by God, but he did not know whether God creates each individual soul separately or created all souls in Adam's, so that they are inherited from the parents.

Against the dualistic theory of the Manichaeans, he insisted that evil is not a positive being, but is the abuse of the free will of man. God does not cause, but only permits evil.

In his moral theory Augustine asserts that the end of human conduct is happiness. This happiness is not fully realizable in this world, since it consists in the possession of God both by the intellect through knowledge, and by the will through love. To reach this end of perfect happiness, man needs the divine help of grace, since with his own strength he is unable to love God.

Although Saint Augustine's teachings are not completely free from error, due to his Platonic training, he is nevertheless the outstanding philosopher of the Patristic age. It may be said that he shifted, singlehanded, the intellectual center of gravity of the world, from East to West. Saint Thomas himself constantly used the authority of Saint Augustine in proving his arguments, and even in our own times Augustinian tradition still exercises its influence upon philosophical thought.

ABE CAUFMAN, RANCHER

By Sister Mary Jean, C.S.J., His Niece

*Abe Caufman was a silent man,
Of silence born of solitary nights,
Watching troubled herds,
And riding, lonely, through the days.
Of silence held when breath was needed
For stronger things than words.*

*Deep set within his countenance
Stern-featured, weathered,
One met his eyes, surprised
That eyes so fair a blue
Should have found shelter there.*

*Abe Caufman's eyes were blue,
Honest with the clarity of skies
Unchallenged by the shafts of men
Or by the haze of crowded living.
One could not escape his eyes.*

*His knowledge came the way
Of men who live
In close commune with nature,
Whose unschooled minds
Can solve and judge
Beyond the learned document
Or polished word.*

*Abe Caufman was a man of intuition
Who had grasped the ken
Of Indian lore, and knew without the telling
Place and time, and habitats
Of beasts, and ways of men.*

*Yet for being brusque, out-spoken
Steeled to hide emotion,
His was a kindness, a
Giving where a need existed,
A sincerity that bridged
The chasm of conventionalities.*

*As in his life, Abe Caufman's heart
Had borne the brand of pioneer, of rancher,
And had followed rutted tracks back into pines
And to a pine-log cabin,
So in death, his ashes blow where once
His feet, in ownership, had trod.*

*He was unlettered in the ways of his Creator,
And if his lips formed prayers,
They sprang only from an innate sense*

*That marks man but a creature
Yet who can judge the tenor of a soul
That grew unguided and apart from mission paths.
He was a good man, just,
And when he strode into eternity,
Abe Caufman must have been
Welcomed by his God.*

NUKAHIVA

By Sister Mary Jean, C.S.J.

*Softly sleeps the summer morning,
Burnished waters, slumbering lay
In the silent cove beside the
Sunny huts of Tai-O-Hae.*

*High upon the hills abruptly
Rising straight from out the sea,
Lean the slender palm trees growing
In a mass of greenery.*

*Bashful streams in shy concealment
Fleck the jaded mountain slopes.
Sacred white bulls grazing by them
Strain upon their pagan ropes.*

*Tabernacled in the jungle
Shade, the wee, white chapel lay,
Where for half a century
Brown-skinned men have knelt to pray.*

*Crumbling altars mingle into
Dusky sands along the shore,
Sands of sacrifice still blushing
With the human blood they wore.*

*Slim canoes of Nukahiva
Glide about the tiny bay.
Shark-infested waters lap the
Sleepy shores of Tai-O-Hae.*

The Cerro Rico de Potosi

By Lea O'Donnell

On a Sunday morning in early spring I saw Potosi for the first time. Mother, Dad, and I walked to Mass over the quaint cobblestone streets, too narrow for a car, but wide enough for the llamas with their packs. We saw no lawns or front yards, but only rows of white, green, yellow, pink, and blue houses rising from the curbstone.

Ahead of us stood the miraculous Cathedral of Saint Marguerite.

"Dad, why do they call this Cathedral 'miraculous'?"

"Over a hundred years ago this town had a great flood which nearly destroyed it. As the waters rushed toward the Cathedral, they divided and passed by it leaving it untouched. The people here have a great reverence for the Cathedral and Saint Marguerite."

"Those walls look as if centuries have battered them through. History peeks out from every corner of this old building."

The great wooden door creaked as I grasped the ring to open it. We tip-toed down the aisle to the few pews reserved for the managers and company people. I was afraid at any moment that we would all fall through the old wood floor.

I could not keep my mind at attention during Mass. The "chola" across the aisle from me was having troubles with her curious niña. The child with black pigtailed whispered to her mother in Quichua about the pretty paper flowers in their miscellaneous bottles. She reached her dark little finger toward them. Above her the sun streamed in on the dying Christ. His spotless, white garment of linen and lace softened the cold wood. "Ite, Missa est."

After Mass, we left the Cathedral and came out into a glory of color—the Indian women swishing along in azure blues and vibrant yellows, the men sauntering after in their gay red ponchos, and the children tangling in masses of pink and green.

"The natives here as in other Spanish colonies of long ago have suffered a good deal. The struggle between the noble Spaniard and the ignoble Indian made the "Cerro" a hill of riches and blood." Dad's high forehead wrinkled as he mused, a thing he often did.

"What's the matter Dad? Afraid the people will rise up again?"

"No, Anne, I just wonder how I can help them. Why should they be the under-dogs all the time? Poor devils! I talked with Sister Bernardine and after I get acquainted with the mine, I'm going to have her take a look. A school and orphan's home and maybe even a small hospital would be a big improvement."

Mother interrupted, "John, what are you going to do about a secretary?"

"I don't know, dear, why?"

"Well, if one doesn't come soon, I'll have to take over the duties. Who will take care of the house? I don't know the servants, and you never can tell about them!"

"I will take over, Mother. You can help when I get stuck."

"Anne, you know nothing about a house and its management, much less the "gerencia," but I guess you will have to do."

We came back to the house and had lunch. After that, Dad and I played a round of golf, about the only relaxing thing to do in Potosi. What a course! Eighteen holes of rock dunes and pebbles. My driver was a mass of chips and scratches after one round.

The members of the Club were very interesting—Dr. Max from Zurich, Ramos do Santos from Argentina, Drs. Lillian and Arthur Wellinton of London. Geologists and scientists from all parts of the world came to study the Cerro and its mine possibilities—the treasure present. We were seated around a table watching the sunset on the Cerro. The sky was an Irish lake and the Cerro a great earthy crown. The stars danced like snow crystals and the stones on the Hill were molten lumps of gold.

As my father talked with his fellow geologists, I watched the little "chico" who had caddied for us, leaning his weary body against the building, a few coins tinkled in his pocket each time he moved his thin, dark figure. When the gentlemen made a movement to raise their well-fed bodies from the table, the deep brown eyes also raised and sparkled flints into the darkness.

With the morning came my new duties as house supervisor. I went down into the kitchen after breakfast to meet the staff. As I walked in, Eufamie, our cook, was finishing the dishes. The room was spotless, everything in perfect order. I breathed a sigh of relief; we luckily had a "gem" of a servant.

Eufamie was small, brown, and quick. She spoke little, only the most necessary Spanish. The rest was in Quichua to the other servants. When I talked to her, it was mostly in sign language. As the last dish was dried, the butler and laundress brought in the large wicker baskets.

"Buenos dias, senorita."

"Buenos dias. Como se llama?"

"Remunda, senorita."

Surprised at such Spanish from an Indian girl, I kept on questioning her. I began to feel that my work would neither be as hard

nor as boring as I expected. To have someone of my own age to talk to was a real gift.

"Remunda!" stilettoed Eufamie's voice.

Her smiling eyes lowered and almost painfully, Remunda glided to the laundry basket. I paused a moment to glimpse Eufamie eyeing her daughter scornfully; I did not understand.

In the three weeks that followed, my conversations with Remunda became long, enjoyable, and frequent. For a few days after my first meeting with her, the servants went about doing their work a little sloppily. However, we got along well and they improved; no doubt much to Remunda's influence. The fourth day after the staff meeting I saw Remunda on her way to the market place. I snatched a sweater, ran down the stairs, and caught up with her.

"Hello there, Remunda. How are you?"

"Good afternoon, senorita." She smiled slightly, a little fearfully.

A few minutes passed. "You don't seem to want to talk to . . ."

"Oh, senorita, it is not that. I like to talk to you, but I do not wish to cause you trouble. You see, my people are very simple and perhaps they seem strange to you. My mother and the other servants respect you and your parents. They feel your sincerity. However, my people wish it to be as always; the overseer and the slave you might say. They do not wish to be as equals. They resent it. You speak to me as a friend. It is not liked.

"But why?"

"When I was small, my mother and father were very poor, so mother sent me to a schoolteacher to help with the kitchen and odd, little jobs. The teacher, Senora Castellanos, was very good and paid well. I stayed with her until I was sixteen. We got along well, and as I was a curious child, the Senora spent much of her spare time with me. Her husband was dead and she had no one. I learned to read and write Spanish, and to do mathematics. She taught me history and geography, and art.

I only wish I could have stayed longer, but when Mama came to see me she was angry with me. I did not see why, then. A little later we moved from Huanchaca to Potosi. My parents got good jobs here as the "gerencia" servants, and mother seemed pleased with me again."

"Please go on, Remunda." We were almost to the market place. I knew she might never finish if she did not, then. The opportunity to talk with her might not come for some time, and it would not be good policy to do so in the market place.

"Well, senorita, in the two years since we came to the Cerro I have realized many things I could not see before. To have my

mother so angry over nothing I could not understand, but when I listen to her speak to the people I know and I fear for you. The Quichua does not wish friendliness of the white man, personally. Senora Castellanos taught me white ways, for which I must bear the resentment of my parents, always. They believe that I should have rejected her efforts to teach me. If I ignore you, and keep to my own I will be accepted. Almost it is, now. My mother has worked for this acceptance. She will not let it pass!

I was about to ask what she meant, but Remunda suddenly stepped away from me. We had reached the market. Everything was out in the open for inspection. The slant-eyed Indian women did the selling; they sat cross-legged behind their baskets, their white enamelled hats glistening in the afternoon sun, or stood with their butcher knives raised high, cutting the beef. A strong "Chica" hung a slab of meat on a great hook. The odor of fresh meat mingled with the pungent herbs, red margins of sleeping natives lined off the vegetable and fruit baskets. Wrangling children splashed across the scene, upsetting the mate stands. Innumerable and miscellaneous dogs and llamas defied life, there.

I felt the pressure of the shriveled but dignified chola watching me, and as I turned toward her I saw our caddy standing near her. I smiled at him and was about to say, "Hello," when she said severely, "This, senorita, is not a place of play!"

Eufamie knew nothing of my talk with Remunda, and she seemed to relax when I was around. Everything was done well; when we gave a dinner party in the middle of the following week, the house, table, and the food were all in perfect order. When Eufamie brought in the dessert, she was a reigning Inca Queen, resplendent in her Sunday best. Her strong lean hands crowned the table with the Alaska—it was her moment. It was not a culinary victory. Her eyes spoke, "La Americana will interfere no longer."

It was so knowing, so calm. Eufamie had been much easier to get along with lately. She did as she was told and ran the staff smoothly. I did not understand the victorious expression in her glittering eyes. I forgot it soon enough in the charm of the evening.

The following morning I went over the night's success, and I remembered I had not seen Remunda. Another girl from the town had come in to help the house staff. Wondering if she were ill, I went down into the kitchen before I left for a game of tennis. My shoes made no noise and as I pushed the door open I heard a familiar boyish voice say in broken Spanish, "The Americans always are playing or eating. The fat one is never at the mine. Always he is at the golf club. He pays well when he is alone. But he is new, soon he will pay little and expect more." The caddy turned as he heard the door creak; he scowled, jerked his head toward me, and under his breath murmured, "La Entremetida."

So, I was named "the meddler." I tried to be as oblivious to the interplay as possible and asked for Remunda.

"Si, senorita." Her voice had a pitiful, hopeless quality that was foreign to her nature. I beckoned her to follow me and we went outside.

I had expected Eufamie to cry out or get angry. She smiled as she had the night before. I went completely cold; a fever of fear began to inch its way within me. I knew something was wrong, and the fact was certain as I studied Remunda.

She drew her hand through her already rumpled, black hair. Tear stains blotched her cheeks, and deep circles rimmed her sad eyes.

"Oh, Remunda!"

"Do not worry, Senorita. It is nothing. I am a little tired."

"It's more than that. Why have you been crying? What is going on here, anyway? Is your mother trying to hurt you or force you into something? Remunda, forgive the questions, but I know there is something desperately wrong."

"I can speak little, senorita, but I wish to say that I have found a true friend in you and I am grateful to you. My people are dear to me, but they, at times make no sense. My mother loves me dearly. This I know. And in believing so, she does the best for me and, as she sees it, her people. Do not blame her and forgive her." Lightly her trembling lips touched my cheek, and then she ran back into the "gerencia."

The walk down that cobblestone street was as vivid to me as it had been my first day in Potosi. Clouds hung down over the mountains, changing them from lavender to a melancholy blue. The house dulled in the light, and two llamas lay stubbornly in the middle of the street. The chinks in the Cathedral walls had grown larger, and as I pulled the door open the rust of the ring ground into my palm. Splinters of wood mixed in the dust covered floor.

I knelt before the dying Christ. He looked so lonely on that cold Cross. I felt I had come to comfort Him instead to ask, as usual, for a favor. The sorrowful Face needed understanding, and I understood. My prayer poured out to the Kindred Soul, and with it came the feeling that a solution would come. I could not guess how, but that was in His Providence. I remained a short while longer to ask for guidance.

It was about five o'clock when I came out into the cold air. It was a quiet night. An Indian or two slumped together at the far end of the ruined Cathedral walls.

At home, dinner, too, was quiet. Dad was in a musing mood and said nothing. I thought a mill problem had come up and he was

about to invent again. Mother was tired, and so was I. Eufamie, moving around the table importantly, was without the fire of the preceding dinner. The lines in her old-young face had deepened since morning. I guessed that she had had an argument with Remunda. I hoped it had not been over me.

It was such a slight thing—two or three conversations with Remunda, and her mother acted as though it were an international incident. I went to bed weary and tense.

When I awoke the sun was high. I supposed I had slept through the mine whistle, although I usually did not miss this. The whistle was my alarm clock. I dressed, and as I tied my shoes, I looked out onto the sunlit brick roofs. It was as quiet as Sunday.

Breakfast tasted very good that morning and I was feeling better. The day begot happy thoughts. Neither Mother nor Dad were in the house, which was not unusual.

I settled down in the den for some reading. Soon after I had placed myself comfortably in a big easy chair, I heard a great commotion outside, coming from the mine. The alarm bells had not been rung so I knew no accident had occurred.

I went on reading, a line or two perhaps, when I heard our car stop. Dad called me to come out; my book slipped to the floor as I dashed out to see him.

"Come along, young lady."

In front of me, at the side of me, behind me were the noises I had heard. All the miners were in front of the gates mumbling, yelling, and singing. A little of everything—large signs or flags waved from the gallis frame.

The faces were not hateful, but rather, annoyed. They wanted to be rid of something. Both men and women miners were there, crowding in on all sides. We moved slowly through the crowd toward a large, wooden platform. The people were cheering the speaker. It was the first real demonstration I had seen the natives wage. I became interested in the group and did not notice that we had stopped.

Abruptly Dad said, "Get out, Anne!" I followed him up the rickety steps to the platform. Then I saw two middle-aged Indians, and Eufamie.

By means of an interpreter, the foreman, I think, Eufamie talked to my father. But before that she talked to me, gesturing wildly with her hands and speaking a strange Spanish conglomeration.

"You, señorita, cause this. Entremetida! Remunda was Quichua once, then white. She is Quichua again! You no change. Your father

good; he helps my people, but no meddle. You must talk. New ideas—not good.” She rambled on.

Dad negotiated with the foreman; Eufamie interrupted frequently. Finally they reached an agreement. It was signed in front of all. Dad motioned to me to leave. The crowd remained to listen again to Eufamie. They seemed pleased.

When we came into the house, mother came in and asked if the strike had been settled.

“How did you know?”

“I knew it last night, as did your father. I have been making arrangements for you, dear. You will leave for Santiago in four days. You’ll only be at school a month ahead of time.”

“Mother! What are you talking about?”

“Haven’t you told her? You men are all alike. You wait till the last minute to do the unpleasant. Dear, your father has to concede to the demand of the Indians if he is to resume work, and the demand is that you leave. Eufamie leads her people with a great strength and perhaps wisdom. I don’t know. She has convinced the people that you are bad for Remunda, and that if you convert her to your educated ways others will follow.

“The workers respect your father, they get justice, and they are quite satisfied. They resent your friendliness on an equal basis. It is their way of life to be so. We must accept it.”

I did not see the logic of the proposal, but I began my preparations for departure. I wanted to see Remunda again, but didn’t dare ask about her. I did not see Eufamie while I was in the house, although the other servants moved about doing their work as usual.

The day I was to leave was crisp and windy. All the scenes of Potosi were more impressive, of deeper coloring, and closer to me than I had realized.

My bags were loaded into the little car, and I climbed in. Mother and Dad were in front. They were going to leave me at the ferro-carril station. From the kitchen window, Eufamie’s face peered out. It was the first time I had seen her since that day. Her face was expressionless and ageless. She wrinkled her brow, pulled the curtain, and as we pulled away I could see her polishing the silver.

“Dad, do we have time to stop at the Cathedral?”

“Just a second or two. The train comes in at 5:05.”

We stopped in front of the lovely old building. I stepped out, and went up the broken stone stairs. The rust and splinters, the dust, the dying Christ, the paper flowers in their old bottles, all these things I saw instantly and they made me think that every-

thing we know remains the same. People always have the same nature and necessities—God, family, and the friendship of his fellow man. Some day everyone would understand that.

The Cathedral was dark. One stream of sunlight darted through a crack in the wall. When I got used to the dimness, I saw a slight figure praying in front of the Christ. The solution to her problem would come as it came for me. Remunda turned and smiled at me as I left the Cathedral.

Preface

By Sister Patricia Margaret

Lest in the compilation of original manuscripts this present work be unearthed by some Chaucerian student two thousand years hence, let me haste to inform the said student that this is not a historical document. Were Brusendorff to read it I should in all probability be barred from the Chaucerian Society. In his book, *The Chaucer Traditions*, he states Lewis as a probable son of Chaucer and Cecilia Champaigne. The emphasis seems to be on the word probable. At least I interpreted it thus. If it is only a probable assertion, why cannot I with a boldness akin to that of Sir Thopas himself make another probable assertion? Philippa was the wife of Chaucer. Chaucer himself wrote *A TREATISE ON THE ASTROLABE* for his "Litel Lowis my sone." So with blissful simplicity I make my assertion, and say that Lewis was a probable son of Chaucer and Philippa. That should explain my title of the present work.

As to its purpose, I am endeavoring in this little treatise to speak of the humor of Chaucer in the *Canterbury Tales*. Of everything I read on humor (with all due apology to the Oxford and Webster Dictionaries, I found a paragraph from Emily Post most suitable. She says:

The joy of joys is the person of light but unmalicious humor. What he says is of no moment. It is the twist he gives to it, the intonation, the personality he puts into his quip or retort or observation that delights his hearers, . . .

Even this does not satisfy me. For what Chaucer said was of great moment. Even the quips and retorts are quoted today. But, enough! I shall let Philippa speak. However since I have kept her waiting this long, she will not mind my giving thanks to Walter W. Skeat for all the help he has so generously given me. Whenever I have quoted a part of the *Canterbury Tales* it has come from his admir-

able *The Student's Chaucer*. Without it this would never have been written.

S. P. M.

FROM PHILIPPA TO HER LITTLE LEWIS

LITTLE LEWIS, MY SON,

Thy father hath returned but one month from Canterbury. Nevertheless he worked night and day at his new book. Me thought the pilgrimage did him good, he lost the weight he had intended. Now, alas, with his new book on his mind he watches not his diet, and seemeth to gain more weight each day.

As for myself, I dare not leave this place. Adam, your father's scribe tires so easily and I, the go-between, must put them both in good humor again. Sir John of Gaunt hath begged me to depart from here for a week or two in order to give you the pleasure at the sight of me. That noble man saith he feels to blame. 'Twas he who reckoned you would do well at Bath. Thy father and I are pleased with taking Sir John's caucel, for thy tutor, Magister N. Stroude (as your father insists that I call him) writes well concerning your health and work.

Thy father hath gone to the Scriptorium, that wonderful copying firm, to see if he can hasten the work along. I asked him for messages for you and he immediately went to his room and brought me back the second draft of his book.

"I meant to write the lad," said he, "before I took on this book, but now I needs must occupy myself with this. Write down the passages that I have checked. 'Twill make him laugh. Mind you write them as I have them here. Thy gentle ways and lovingness might change the matter of my words. Tell him to be of good cheer. We shall come to Bath when this is over. Send him a pound or two. The boy is too intent. Stroude wrote that Lewis has mastered most of what I wrote on the Astrolabe. He needed some lightness in his veins."

So, dear son, thy father hath left a great work on my hands. For how can I put down what is checked without explaining what has gone before and what comes behind. This book hath joined my heart to him anew, for it is thy father, Chaucer, through and through. Be sure to learn these parts. Methinks, though he will not say, that he likes them best, and since you are his son you will like them too.

The book begins with such lovely words as only your father can write, that though it is not checked and will not make you

smile, I must put them down. Besides 'twill do no harm. Geoffry talked constantly about the need for atmosphere.

Whan that Aprille with his shoures sote
 The droghte of Marche hath perced to the rote,
 And bathed every veyne in swich licour,
 Of which vertu engendred is the flour;
 And smale fowles maken melodye,
 That slepen al the night with open ye,
 (So priketh hem nature in hir corages):
 Than longen folk to goon on pilgrimages . . .

Was that not worth the writing? He then begins his tale. With such ability for dallying with sweet phrases, why does he always jump into the story? I know, I know, you both have told me time and time again. These works were writ for the tale and not the air. But to get on. He tells of his stay at the Tabard in Southwerk, the night before the pilgrimage got underway. There were twenty-nine in the company. Your father stops his tale to describe them. The first was a knight. I would I could write down the whole description, but your father hath checked none of it, so I must close mine eyes. But patience, here is a morsel gay for you.

With him ther was his sone, a yong Squyer,
 Aloyvere, and a lusty bachelor,
 With lokkes crulle, as they were leyd in presse.
 Of twenty yeer of age he was, I gesse.
 Of his stature he was of evene lengthe,
 And wonderly deliver, and greet of strengthe.
 Embrouded was he, as it were a mede
 Al ful of fre sche floures, whyte and rede.
 Singinge he was, or floytinge, al the day;
 He was as fresh as is the month of May.

Cannot you hear your father in every line? He does so love the colors gay. They put one in fine humor but to read. List to these others, and guess the mood of your father when he wrote them.

THE WYF OF BATHE—

. . . Hir coverchiefs ful fyne were of ground;
 I dorste swere they weyeden ten pound
 That on a Sonday were upon hir heed.
 Hir hosen weren of fyn scarlet reed, . . .

THE MILLER—

. . . His berd as any sowe or fox was reed, . . .
 . . . A whyte cote and a blew hood wered he. . . .

A REVE—

. . . This reve sat up-on a ful good stot,
That was al pomely grey, and highte Scot.
A long surcote of pers up-on he hade,
And by his syde he bar a rusty blade. . . .

A SOMNOUR—

. . . That hadde a fyr-reed cherubinnes face, . . .

A PARDONER—

. . . This pardoner had heer as yelow as wex,
But smothe it heng, as dooth a strike of flex; . . .

Of the merriness of color in his book I have written enough. Now to the matter of your father's words. I have but seven full days in which to tell you all. Noble Sir John of Gaunt hath offered to bring this to you with my love. Ah, read it well, dear son. It must a mother's love convey. I would I could but hear your voice, but not being so, hastily send word back by your father's dear patron. Write it yourself, dear. When your mother's heart is sore with longing for you, a stiff report from Magister N. Stroude in no way sufficeth me. Enough of me. These words that your father hath checked he did it so with much chuckling and slapping. Who could enjoy his humor more than himself? Where I would smile and you laugh merrily, your father roareth. This book hath done him good in that. Be certain to include your opinion of these passages.

THE PRIORESS—

She was so charitable and so pitous,
She wolde wepe, if that she saw o mous
Caught in a trappe, if it were deed or bledde.
Of smale houndes had she, that she fedde
With roasted flesh, or milk and wastel-breed. . . .

Methinks he thought of me in the writting. When but three years ago you ran in with that mous and I did weep. Not for the mous, but in fear lest in your glee you deposited the mous on me.

This 'tis but the Prologue of his tale. While wending their way to Canterbury, each of the company told two tales going and two tales coming back. At the Tabard Inn the best teller of tales received a dinner. But dost thou think thy father will tell me who it was? Though it plagues me sore, I cannot find out. He only smiles and says,

"Come now, Philippa, surely you can guess. No need for intelligence to discover this."

At every meal I heard it so till I stopped guessing—but still he will not tell. Your father gave none of the tales to me, but of his plans I know, and tell it here. The merriest tales, I think were three. Not

only I but others on this agree. The Wyf of Bath speaks 856 lines before she begins her tale. Adam, the scribe, seems to think this the best part. Your Magister N. Stroude would no doubt choose the Nonne Preestes Tale of the cock and a hen, Chauntecleer and Pertelote. This Chauntecleer is no ordinary cock. He hath a learning equal to thy father's. For in his speech this learned fowl doth even quote the Gospels. For mine own part your father's lines about himself amused me most. Perhaps, I can coax Adam to give that page. Then you can judge the lines yourself. Wait here beloved, I shall see what I can do. . . . Success hat met me face to face and I have captured it. List to these words. You know full well in what he hath dipped his pen—from the translation of *The Romaunt of the Rose*—to the *Troilus and Cresyde*! From his own telling how oft he hath read before the court of His Majesty, Richard II! How renowned he is esteemed by Sir John of Gaunt. Now list to this description of himself.

. . . Til that our hoste japen tho began,
And than at erst he loked up-on me,
And seyde thus, 'what man artow?' quod he;
'Thau lokest as thou woldest finde an hare,
For ever up-on the ground I see thee stare.

Approshe neer, and loke up merily.
Now war yow, sirs, and lat this man have place;
He in the waast is shape as wel as I; . . .

. . . 'Hoste,' quod I, 'ne beth nat yvel payed,
For other tale certes can I noon,
But fof a ryme I lerned longe agoon.'

Ah, Lewis, I could weep with mirth et each reading of these lines. The ryme the poor poet tells suiteth well the description of him. Even thee with but twelve years behind thee could write such poetry. The rhyme tells of a gallant knight, Sir Thopas by name, who goes out to hunt himself an elf-queen for a wife. Even thy father could not keep up the tale, but had the host object. Doth this end thy father's tale? Believe it not. Since the host will not him say the rhyme he telleth his in prose. By Saint Loy, I must obtain this whole part for thee. Mayhap thy father, if he heareth that it is thy wish to read the rest will send it to thee. As I have said twice 'fore thy father hath had great fun with all these tales. Some of the others you have heard him tell at the table. 'Tis no wonder that this story hath kept him in such good humor. All things that plague him have been writ in this. 'Tis well that Mistress Bailey is his friend. His words of her though fun ring true. Mayhap, as Geoffrey saith to me, she shall be so pleased to be in the book that she shall not mind the words.

'Tis now the sixth day since I began this epistle. Of late I have had a little dizziness, and so when it cometh upon me I have had

to lay aside the quill. Worry not, beloved, 'tis nothing serious, but did delay the writing of this. Last night thy father came in, and read what I have writ. Methinks he was pleased for after it he mentioned going again to Bath to see you when the book is done. On the morrow, good Sir John shall come to fetch this letter to you. Sir John will pass two weeks there. So hasten the writing of thy message to me.

May God vouch-safe to keep thee well. Be diligent in they lessons, but in the midst of all keep thy mother Philippa in mind and close to thy heart even as she keepeth thee.

Name, Please?

Anonymous

Back in August of 1928 I was born, spanked into breathing, oiled, powdered, fed and dressed. Dad rushed the fifteen miles from the ranch to the hospital, his 1926 Model A knocking and chocking all the way. Hospitals weren't so scientifically cold and formal then, so Dad puffed up the stairs into Mother's room, kissed her, and picked up the bundle from the bed.

"It's another girl, Joe."

"So I see. Thought of a name yet, Marge?"

Casually Mother answered, "No, not yet—at least, not definitely. Have you?"

"Well, yes, sort of. Anyway I have an idea. How does the name Nora strike you?" asked Dad brightly.

"Joseph Casey, not again! We settled that business of Nora last time," cried Mother looking grieved.

"Gosh, Marge, take it easy, I just *suggested* it 'cause you said you hadn't thought of one. Anyway I think it's a nice name."

"Joe, I will *not* have a child of mine named Nora. It sounds like—like—a cook in a cheap boarding house!"

Dad laid me carefully on the bed again. Mother watched him, trying to follow his thoughts.

"Joe."

"Hm? What, Marge?"

"Joe, I have an idea." An over-hearty cheerfulness sounded in her voice. Dad looked up a bit suspiciously. "Let's name this one Lucinda Jane. Now, wait a minute, Joe," she hurried on, seeing he was on the brink of interrupting just as soon as he could breathe again. "I like Lucinda Jane. It's pretty and old fashioned

sounding. Doesn't it make you think of magnolias and taffeta and mint juleps?"

"Marge, I will not—magnolias! What next? Magnolias, mint juleps—I like Nora. It has a solid sound—none of your fancy stuff with Nora."

At the end of the fifteen minute visiting time the nurse plucked Dad out of the argument, and propelled him to the hall. A friend as well as a nurse, she ordered him across the street to the cafe for coffee.

Evening visiting hours brought Dad back, resolutely decided to "take a firm stand for Nora." The door to mother's room closed, aided by his foot; a chair squeaked its way over the varnished floor, and Dad began.

"Marge, I don't understand you. Nora is a fine Christian name. Lots of fine people are named Nora. Look at Dan's wife—did she ever complain about the name?" Dad stopped in triumph. Nora was a close friend of Mother's, and had been so for years. Their friendship resulted in their meeting Dan and Joe Casey, and eventually both girls married the Casey boys—Mother and Joe, Nora and Dan. The two couples baby-sat in turns, exchanged talk and work, and went out together whenever possible. Dad was certain that Mother would meekly agree, name the child—me—Nora, and be at least resigned if not pleased over Dad's choice.

"Joe, I will not let you name this child Nora! Did I ever hear Nora Casey complain about her name? Did I! She hates it, Joe, absolutely hates it! Ask her tonight—go ahead—and see! Joe, the only reason you like the name has nothing to do with her. I know. News travels, not that I mind—but I do know. I know you had a girlfriend named Nora back in Ireland. I won't name my child that! So!" And mother viciously jabbed her pillow into fluffiness and turned her back on Dad.

Did you ever see a balloon after someone had poked a pinhole into it? That was Dad. He slumped down in the chair, and just sat.

"Joe, let's name the baby Lucinda Jane. I—."

Dad came to life spluttering. "No! That's ridiculous—it's not even a name. And don't tell me about your magnolias and mint juleps! No child of mine is going to have that—that—so-called name. That's final!" And it was Dad's turn to look stern.

The evening continued to be a repetition of the afternoon, with Dad holding forth for Nora, and Mother demanding Lucinda Jane. Came the next morning, and the doctor, to make out a birth certificate. Mother's name, father's name, date, etc., were filled out easily. Then "Baby's name?" asked the doctor.

"Lucinda Jane," answered Mother, and "Nora," replied Dad, each ignoring the other.

The doctor looked up. "What was the name? I didn't understand you."

"Lucinda Jane."

"Nora."

"I take it you're not in accord? Why not just leave the given name blank, and you can fill it in later?"

The suggestion appealed, and they agreed. The birth certificate was signed and witnessed. It read "(female) Casey."

In time, of course, Dad and Mother compromised. They couldn't go on calling me "female" all my life. I became "Mary Lou," spelled in two words. The Mary was for Dad who admitted that the name was as solid and Christian as Nora; the Lou was Mother's addition, and privately she always thought of me as "Mary Lucinda."

I grew, went to school, then into junior high school, and finally became a senior, facing graduation. Each year the senior class was asked to fill out forms for diplomas, indicating correct spelling of first, middle, and last names. I, with the rest of the class, filled out mine, and handed it in.

Miss Janson closed the last class of the day with "Mary Lou, would you please stay for a minute?"

I stayed. Miss Janson handed me the slip of paper, pointing with the tip of her pencil the "middle name" section. "Mary Lou, put your *full* middle name, please, Louise, or Lucille, or whatever it is."

I started to explain, realizing she probably wouldn't understand anyway. Then, "Why not finish this once for all?" I thought. I stopped the explanation, and promised Miss Janson I'd bring the full name the next day. She looked at me oddly, but nodded.

I skipped my homework that evening, and pulled out drawers, untied boxes, and opened trunks, looking for my birth certificate. I found it, with Mother's teaching credential, in a brown candy box. I carried it to Mother in the kitchen and proposed my plan—no objection there. Dad was reading in the living room, and told me to suit myself—it was my name after all.

Out came the Underwood portable. I rolled the birth certificate in, adjusted the knob to the right position, and typed with great care "Marilou" spelled in one word; I penciled a line through "(female)" and typed it in the spot marked "sex?". I rolled the paper out—the job was done! I had named myself and typed my own birth certificate.

Now, whenever someone remarks, "That's an odd way to spell "Mary Lou" I just answer, "Yes, isn't it? It's on my birth certificate like that, too."

Alumnae Echoes

There seems to be a frequently repeated question, which deserves at least a periodic study and answer. Alumnae Echoes affords one medium of approach, to the answer of "The Mount" to the question, "What contribution to Catholic Action is made by graduates, men and women, of our Catholic Colleges?"

Mount St. Marys finds its most valuable contribution in the number of Catholic marriages, contracted by its girls and the number of children whom husband and wife are striving to train according to the principles and ideals of the Catholic Church. Time and again, on the visits of our alumnae, their little ones demonstrate their faith. They know Whom they visit in the Chapel; they recognize a friend in the statue of Jesus' Mother; they kneel and offer these Friends their simple baby prayers.

Contributing loyal young citizens to the Church, certainly is an important part of Catholic Action. As this is not the column in which to study other important services which many accomplish in both civic and parish affairs, we shall simply state, that notice of such services are appreciated by your college, and brief references to them will be welcomed by Alumnae Echoes.

Ap[ro]pos of the foregoing, the largest count of "Alumnae Children" numbers eight, then seven, six, five and down the line.

Among recent announcements we find:

TO BETTY FLUOR TAYLOR a girl, Margaret Louise; to MRS. ORA McDONALD SHAY (Billy Geier) a girl, Melissa.

Recent wedding invitations from Alumnae include that of MARY ELIZABETH HARVEY to Mr. Robbert Lillywhite; of MARY JANE STEVENSON to Mr. Donald Robert Robinson; of GLORIA PEDILLA to Mr. Joseph Benedict Kelly; of CHARLOTTE AGUIAR to Mr. Francis Henry Seyer; of NANETTE TERESI to Mr. Leo Larrinago; of ESTELLE ZENGEBOT to Mr. Edwin Deptula. An announcement of the marriage of NATALIE ROHE to Mr. William Joseph Russell, was received recently and the engagement of MARY ANN CUNNINGHAM to Mr. Michael Francis Reilly was announced on the evening of her graduation day. All these are Catholic weddings. UZOAMAKA MONEKE, a member of the class of '51, was married to Mr. Benjamin Mbakwem by His Excellency Most Reverend J. Frances McIntyre in the Archbishop's private chapel on the morning of June 27. The arrangement was graciously proposed by His Excellency as "Uzo" hails from far distant Nigeria. Uzo is the first Nigerian Catholic to graduate from a Catholic College. She hopes to become an apostle to her own people, among whom Catholics form a small minority. Her husband, a convert, has this same ambition.

MRS. WM. H. LIMEBROOK (Mary Helen Emerson) has sent her temporary address, as Elliott Annex, Naval Training Center, San Diego, where Lt. Limebrook is, at present, stationed.

Again members of the Class of '51 have added to "The Mount's" literary achievements, TERESA HATSUMI's Essay being classed in "Top honors" by the Atlantic Monthly, and ANNE WONG's receiving a prize of \$50.00 from the Cabrini Literary Guild. Teresa also received the prize of \$100.00 given by Archbishop McIntyre for the best paper contributed by a Senior, in the Apologetics contest.

EMILY DOLL and MURIEL MAHONEY won the annual scholarships, also awarded by our Archbishop for graduate study in the field of Social Welfare.

ELEANOR KELLEHER will register for graduate work at the University of Washington, Washington, D. C.

VIRGINIA SENSERI, with MRS. JACK KEHOE (Peggy Perry) and handsome little Emmett Kehoe, visited their Alma Mater during the summer. Virginia, a teacher in the Lawndale public school, reports Jean Leibert as on the same staff.

LILLIAN MAY EVANS, faithful to the Sisters of St. Joseph has enrolled her daughter at St. Mary's Academy, for the fall term. Nellie Jansen has enrolled her niece. We hope that the next move of these two young ladies will be to Mount St. Marys.

THE CUMMINGS FAMILY of Westwood of which two daughters Mary and Pat are Alumnae, had the singular privilege of numbering their brother John among the newly ordained priests, in June. Father Cummings said one of his first Masses in the College Chapel.

Congratulations, necessarily late, though still in order are due TILLIE PELLEGRIN CLEM and her assistants for a unique and enjoyable program on initiation night, when memories of early college days was the theme of a visualization. With Tillie at the microphone as historian, HELEN RUMSEY McCAMBRIDGE featured the woman athlete of the gay '20's. Helen wore an "original"—black woolen pleated bloomers, black stockings, a visor, and carried her tennis racquet. MARIA MANKIEWIECZ KOCIEUSKI displayed the period evening dress, and its elaborate embroidered shawl. Maria curtsied and gestured *a la mode* of models of some decades past. MARIE FLYNN illustrated a male character in a dramatic cast. Plastered hair, high collar and stiff white shirt front topped a short skirt and black stockings. Marie carried herself like a hero. ANNETTA McCANN O'MALLEY, still the fortunate possessor of that Fra Angelico head of hair, and BERNICE LONG, blue eyed and blonde, closed the pageant in the character of two angels, not unlike those still seen in our Christmas tableaux.

Needless to say SISTER IGNATIA played the part of wardrobe manager.

To SISTER CELESTINE goes the credit of securing a charming musical program, contributed by DOROTHY MONTAGUE CRONIN as vocalist, and her sister GERTRUDE MONTAGUE BENEFIGLIO as her able accompanist; both are still generous with their musical talents. ARLENE RUSSIE '51 gave several numbers from her recent vocal recital.

Dear Members of Our Alumnae Association,

Do you see Alumnae Echoes, which appear each quarter in INTER NOS? If so, do you enjoy them? If so, will you try to supply an "echo" occasionally? You know, these pages can not be made up of imaginary events. They must be founded on fact. Perhaps some of you would be interested in seeing in print an article bearing your name. We welcome such articles.

If your inclination or talent lies outside the literary sphere, you may help INTER NOS by becoming a subscriber, or if one already, by interesting a friend. Lending your copy may effect this result. The mother of one of this year's seniors said to me, "I hope we do not have to stop receiving INTER NOS. We enjoy it so much."

Two alumnae subscribed in June, bringing your number up to forty-eight, one tenth of your membership. The present issue is Vol. III, No. 3.

Cordially yours,

SISTER MARY DOLOROSA